

Like A Snowflake

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Summary: A prequel to "Final Wishes". Cassie feels she is losing her morals.

Like A Snowflake

I find myself fighting. I find myself killing. I hear my teeth rip sweetly through the flesh of another. My eyes glow. The sound of my jaw snapping shut on the throat of the controller is almost music to my ears. I am scared.

>
 Through the death I see something that use to delight me. A snowflake. Beautiful and unique in a way no one could understand.

>
 The snowflake isn't all that different from me. I too am different, but no one knows it. From a distance I look like you typical teenage, maybe a slightly bad taste in fashion but other then that normal. To them I look like another innocent teen.

>
 Boy are they wrong. Innocence is something I have sold to the devil. Now I find myself fighting, murder, a daily offense. It is like killing has become a petty defense. I feel my morals slipping away and there is nothing I can do to take them back.

>
 The snow continues to fall. It is stained with blood.

> ***

> I stared at Jake across the table. I look at him closely. How could he be a killer? God, how could I be a killer?

> He stared at me. He was smiling. He looked happy. He had for a moment lost his persona of being "The Big Boss".

> I wanted to keep him like that forever. In that happy mood. I wanted everything to be happy and free and all around giddy. I wanted to giggle like the other girls. NO, no smiles for me. I looked sadly and the goofy grin on Jake's face. I shook my head and mouthed "no". No, no happiness when have killed.

> The smile faded and his face and I almost wanted to cry. He looked sad. How could I have done that to him?

> We walked out, I had my arm around him. Yet, as much as I tried to cheer him nothing would work. I sighed. We had another battle tonight. More killing.

> ***

> Stars burned through the sky. The lit up my fight. It showed my sad smile off to the world. More killing. I don't want to kill anymore. Because it will all come back to me someday.

> I morphed. I stood battle. Oh so much tension. Oh, so much duty. I felt myself getting faint. I don't want to fight....I don't want to fight anymore...I don't...

> I felt the sharp pain ran through me. I fell. I died. I looked at Jake.

> {I love you!} i cried as the world slipped away. I felt such agony. And then, like the most pleasant dream, I felt warm and safe and knew that in some odd way everything would be alright.

>

End
file.